



SHE COULDN'T SWIM

Barbara, aged six, had enjoyed herself tremendously at the exhibition to which her mother had taken her. There was only one thing more that she wanted to do, and that was to go for a trip in one of the gondolas that floated on the artificial lake.

Her mother was, therefore, very surprised when they arrived at the landing stage to see a look of terror come over the child's face.

"Why, Barbara," she said, "what's the matter? Don't you want to go on the lake now?"

"No, I don't!" said Barbara decidedly. "and I won't!"

"Why not, dear? You're not frightened, are you?"

"Yes, I am. Look what it says up there!"

Over the ticket office was a notice, and the mother read:

"Come for a trip around the lake! Ladies and gentleman, only 25c each. Children thrown in!"

THE LAST STRAW

An electric bell rang. Brown sprang from his stool and passed into the chief's room. The chief frowned:

"Why did not Smith come when I rang?" he asked.

"He's not here today, sir," faltered Brown, standing nervously on one leg.

"Another wedding?" asked the chief grimly.

"No, sir—no. He is attending the christening of his sister's firstborn," said Brown trying to look sentimental.

"Oh, indeed! All right, Brown. Just file these letters, please."

Left alone, the chief frowned again. There had been too many weddings, christenings and funerals lately. He sat lost in a brown study.

Noiselessly the door opened, and the office boy's freckled face looked in. He entered and walked soundlessly over the thick carpet to the big man's desk. The chief looked up:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Please, sir, my grandmother—"

This was too much.

"Grandmother, indeed! Go back to your work, boy!"

"Has died, sir, and—"

"Nonsense! I can't spare you today. Go back to your work!"

"Has left me a lot of money, so I've come to resign. See?"

And the boy walked out, slamming the door behind him.

CORRECT!

Brown and Slimson, traveling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from Birmingham, where I did a tremendous business," said Slimson. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Brown.

"Of course you don't know; but what do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of what?"

"Why, half of what you say."